

them all about it and for them to get their friends to come. We got the Chinaman to roast a pig and to make an enormous lot of poi—a substance that looks like a bucket of old paste and tastes perfectly horrid. And when the time came, from miles around they arrived in all sorts of conveyances and on horses. The women all came in their wrappers—they didn't seem to think that anything else was necessary. They all sat down on the floor out on the verandah where the Chinaman had laid the spread when dinner time came and they all ate out of the same bowl with their fingers. After the meal was over they cleared the things away and had the place fixed for a dance.

Some of the natives had brought a guitar and the cowboy came with his gasping accordion and when the music started Harold and I had a long waltz to start the thing going. Oh! he is such a lovely dancer.

But I had heard so much about the hula dance that I was crazy to see the thing. Of course I didn't have any idea what the thing was like

pretty hotel and I got a dear little room in a cottage. We went to the theater and took drives and walks and anything to kill time. I met some lovely people and had a real lovely time that week.

The following Saturday was Christmas Eve and Harold came around early and took me to dinner to a popular restaurant and we had a very nice crowd of two. We laughed and joked so much over it that I was actually afraid the proprietor would speak to us. The waiter was a real Filipino and he spilled the soup and felt so bad about it that there were tears in his eyes. After dinner we went for a drive out along the beach road out towards Waikiki. The effect of the beautiful moonlight and the cool sea breeze rather sobered our hilarity of the early evening and we became more serious. Harold remarked as it was Christmas Eve Christmas presents were in order and he would like to present me with one. I began to wonder immediately what it was as I had not noticed any packages at all. And he made me promise to accept it before he



or I wouldn't have been so anxious to see it, especially with so many gentlemen around, the Hooche Kooche isn't in it with this one. I never was so embarrassed in all my life with Harold sitting right by me. I know my face got red but Harold never said a word and seemed very much interested in the thing and between you and me—I don't blame him. But I was glad when the thing was over and they were through screeching around.

It got tiresome after the thing was over. We decided, Harold and I, to spend Christmas in town. And so the next day we got everything ready and went in on the train. We went to the "Hawaiian," a very

offered it as it was a mere trifle, etc. So I did, mentally resolving to get back at him at the first opportunity. Then he had the audacity to inform me that the present in question was himself—that I made him love me and now I must suffer the consequences. Really I was floored completely. I remember I had a kind of lump in my throat and I couldn't say anything but the tears came in my eyes and I just kissed him. It was all I could do.

We haven't told Jack yet but I know he will be delighted. I'll tell you more next time. Write real suddenly. With love,

ETHEL.